

# The THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETIN

Bulletin Number Twenty-seven . . . . April, 1949

## THE RECEPTION OF THOREAU'S FIRST BOOK . . .

Just one hundred years ago this spring, James Munroe and Company of Boston brought out the first edition of Thoreau's first book, *A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS*. It created little stir and received little critical notice. In its first four years it sold only 219 copies and, so far as we can discover, received only five reviews. These five appeared in the *ATHENAEUM*, *GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK*, the *PICTORIAL NATIONAL LIBRARY*, the *MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW*, and the *NEW YORK TRIBUNE*. In commemoration of that centennial, we herewith reprint George Ripley's review from the *TRIBUNE* of June 13, 1849. Unfortunately the type used in the original article was so small and the paper is so yellowed and faded that we have found it impossible to reproduce in facsimile, as we would have liked. We would be interested in learning if our members would like the other four reviews reproduced in forthcoming issues of our bulletin.

### H. D. THOREAU'S BOOK

*A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS*: By Henry D. Thoreau. (pp. 413. 12mo.) Boston: Munroe & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam.

A really new book--a fresh, original, thoughtful work--is sadly rare in this age of omniferous publication. Mr. Thoreau's, if not entirely this, is very near it. Its observations of Nature are as genial as Nature herself, and the tones of his harp have an Aeolian sweetness. His reflections are always striking, often profoundly truthful, and his scholastic treasures, though a little too ostentatiously displayed, are such as the best instructed reader will enjoy and thank him for. His philosophy, which is the Pantheistic egotism vaguely characterized as Transcendental, does not delight us. It seems second-hand, imitative, often exaggerated--a bad specimen of a dubious and dangerous school. But we will speak first of the staple of the work.

Mr. Thoreau is a native and resident of Concord, Massachusetts--a scholar, a laborer, and in some sort a hermit. He traveled somewhat in his earlier years (he is still young), generally trusting to his own thoughts for company and his walking-stick for motive power. It would seem a main purpose of his life to demonstrate how slender an impediment is poverty to a man who pampers no superfluous wants, and how truly independent and self-sufficing is he who is in no manner the slave of his own appetites. Of his fitful hermit life and its results we have already given some account: Now for his "Week on the Concord and Merrimack."

The Concord is a dull, dark, sluggish creek or petty river which runs through the Massachusetts town of that name and is lost in the Merrimack at Lowell. On this stream, Mr. Thoreau and his friend embarked one Autumn afternoon in a small rowboat, and rowed or sailed down to the dam near its mouth, thence across by the old Middlesex Canal to the Merrimack above Lowell, thence up the latter to Hooksett, New Hampshire, where they left their boat and varied their experience by a pedestrian tour through the wild and rugged heart of the Granite State, returning to their boat after a week's absence and retracing their course homeward. They had a tent which, while boating, they pitched in the most inviting and secluded spot--generally a wood, when night overtook them--they cooked and

(Continued on next page . . .)

## NOMINATIONS FOR OUR 1949 ELECTION . . .

The new by-laws adopted by our society at the annual meeting last July require a different procedure than heretofore as to nominations and elections. The president appoints a committee of three to supervise. Any member is then entitled to send nominations for any or all offices to this committee. The committee polls the nominees as to their willingness to serve. Ballots are then sent out to all members in June. The committee tabulates the results and announces the names of the new officers at the July meeting.

Dr. Adams has appointed the following committee for 1949: Chairman, Wallace B. Conant, Sudbury Rd., Concord, Mass.; Miss Pauline Kohlrausch, Carlisle, Mass.; and Mr. Clayton Hoagland, 36 Addison Ave., Rutherford, N.J. Any members who are interested are requested to send to any member of this committee their nominations for any or all of the following offices: president (one year), vice-president (one year), secretary-treasurer (one year), six executive committee members, the two receiving highest votes to serve for three years, the next two for two years, and the third two for one year. Nominations must be received by the committee by May 15. Please include addresses of all nominees.

## ANNUAL MEETING FOR 1949 . . .

Plans are already under way for the 1949 annual meeting. It will be held on the 9th of July. Complete announcements will be mailed out to all members with their ballots in mid-June.

## THOREAU'S DELIGHT IN WORDS . . . by Robert Stowell

Clearly Thoreau enjoyed playing with words, even seeming to have coined a few--as, a drizzling rain is called a "drisk" and there is the "brattling" of ice. Channing wrote that Thoreau delighted in bad puns. Certainly there is an occasional play on words in Thoreau's writing; perhaps more frequently there is a certain playfulness with ideas through the use of paradox. Some examples of seemingly contradictory statements from the *JOURNALS* include: "I made a burning-glass of ice." "The poorer I am, the richer I am." "When a dog runs at you, whistle for him." "In the coldest day it melts somewhere." As many writers have pointed out, Thoreau's fascination with words is accompanied by a seriousness of intention.

Also from the *JOURNALS* come the following puns: "It is too remarkable to be remarked on." "The past cannot be presented." Of a certain Governor Thoreau wrote, "One Mr. Boutwell--so named, perchance, because he goes about well to suit the prevailing wind." Some examples from the *LETTERS*: to his sister Helen he wrote, "Long familiarity had fences each other off." Of a proposed trip to Tuckerman's Ravine in New Hampshire Thoreau wrote, "There is no danger of being 'tuckered' out before you get to it." On his trip to Quebec, as recorded in *EXCURSIONS*, Thoreau had completed the circuit of the fortress, both within and without, and decided to go "no farther by the wall for fear that I should become wall-eyed." And from *WALDEN* there is this rather feeble attempt; Thoreau is speaking of the fluctuations of the pond: "The shore is shorn, and the trees cannot hold it by right of possession." All of which might lead some to disagree with Lowell's declaration that Thoreau "had no humor."

(Editor's note: Mr. Stowell (English Dept., U. of Vt., Burlington, Vt.) is working on a study of Thoreau's use of words and would appreciate hearing from any of our members who make any interesting discoveries. We suggest this from a letter to his college friend Rice: "Puns I abhor . . . This latter is neither matter-of-fact, nor pungent.")

The Thoreau Society is an informal organization of several hundred students and followers of the life and works of Henry David Thoreau. Membership is open to anyone interested. Fee is one dollar a year. This bulletin is issued occasionally, usually quarterly, by the secretary. All the material, unless otherwise assigned, is compiled and written by the secretary.

The officers of the society are Raymond Adams, Chapel Hill, N.C.; president; Mrs. Celah Wheeler, Concord, Mass., vice-president; and secretary-treasurer: Walter Harding, English Department, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J.



served for themselves, only approaching the dwellings rarely to purchase milk or fruit or bread. Such is the thread of the narrative: let us give a single specimen of its observations of Nature. It is a description of the commencement of their aquatic journey:

"Gradually the village murmur subsided, and we seemed to be embarked on the placid current of our dreams, floating from past to future as silently as one awakes to fresh morning or evening thoughts. We glided noiselessly down the stream, occasionally driving a pickerel from the covert of the pads, or a bream from her nest, and the smaller bittern now and then sailed away on sluggish wings from some recess in the shore, or the larger lifted itself out of the long grass at our approach, and carried its precious legs away to deposit them in a place of safety. The tortoises also rapidly dropped into the water, as our boat ruffled the surface amid the willows breaking the reflections of the trees. The banks had passed the height of their beauty, and some of the brightest flowers showed by their faded tints that the season was verging toward the afternoon of the year; but this sombre tint enhanced their sincerity, and in the still unabated heats they seemed like the mossy brink of some cool well. The narrow-leaved willow lay along the surface of the water in masses of light green foliage, interspersed with the large white balls of the button-bush. The rose-colored polygonum raised its head proudly above the water on either hand, and, flowering at this season and in these localities, in the midst of dense fields of the white species, which skirted the sides of the stream, its little streak of red looked very rare and precious. The pure white blossoms of the arrow-head stood in the shallower parts, and a few cardinals on the margin still proudly surveyed themselves reflected in the water, though the latter, as well as the pickerel-weed, was now largely out of blossom. The snake-head, *chelone glabra*, grew close to the shore, while a kind of coreopsis, turning its brazen face to the sun, full and rank, and a tall, dull red flower, *eupatorium purpureum*, or trumpet-weed, formed the rear rank of the fluvial array. The bright blue flowers of the soap-wort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which Proserpine had dropped, and still farther in the fields, or higher on the bank, were seen the Virginian rhexia, and drooping neottia or ladies'-tresses; while from the more distant waysides, which we occasionally passed, and banks where the sun had lodged, was reflected a dull yellow beam from the ranks of tansy, now in its prime. In short, nature seemed to have adorned herself for our departure with a profusion of fringes and curls, mingled with the bright tints of flowers, reflected in the water. But we missed the white water-lily, which is the queen of river-flowers, its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true water-clock who delays so long. Many of this species inhabit our Concord water. I have passed down the river before sunrise on a Summer morning between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when at length the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me, as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays."

Here is another in a similar vein:

"Whether we live by the sea-side, or by the lakes and rivers, or on the prairie, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes, since they are not phenomena confined to certain localities only, but forms and phases of the life in nature universally dispersed. The countless shoals which annually coast the shores of Europe and America, are not so interesting to the student of nature as the more fertile law itself, which deposits their spawn on the tops of mountains, and on the interior plains; the fish principle in nature, from which it results that they may be found in water in so many places, in greater or less numbers. The natural historian is not a fisherman, who prays for

cloudy days and good luck merely, but as fishing has been styled, "a contemplative man's recreation," introducing him profitably to woods and water, so the fruit of the naturalist's observations is not in new genera or species, but in new contemplations still, and science is only a more contemplative man's recreation. The seeds of the life of fishes are everywhere disseminated, whether the winds waft them, or the waters float them, or the deep earth holds them; wherever a pond is dug, straightway it is stocked with this vivacious race. They have a lease of nature, and it is not yet out. The Chinese are bribed to carry their ova from province to province in jars or in hollow reeds, or the water-birds to transport them to the mountain tarns and interior lakes. There are fishes wherever there is a fluid medium, and even in clouds and in melted metals we detect their semblance. Think how in Winter you can sink a line down straight in a pasture through snow and through ice, and pull up a bright, slippery, dumb, subterranean silver or golden fish! It is curious, also, to reflect how they make one family, from the largest to the smallest. The least minnow, that lies on the ice as bait for pickerel, looks like a huge sea-fish cast up on the shore."

Our next extract is a specimen of his more didactic mood:

As the truest society approaches always nearest to solitude, so the most excellent speech finally falls into Silence. Silence is audible to all men, at all times, and in all places. She is speech when we hear inwardly, sound when we hear outwardly. Creation has not displaced her, but is her visible frame-work and foil. All sounds are her servants and purveyors, proclaiming not only that their mistress is, but is a rare mistress, and earnestly to be sought after. They are so far akin to Silence, that they are but bubbles on her surface, which straightway burst, an evidence of the strength and prolificness of the under-current; a faint utterance of silence, and then only agreeable to our auditory nerves when they contrast themselves with and relieve the former. In proportion as they do this, and are heighteners and intensifiers of the Silence, they are harmony and purest melody.

"Silence is the universal refuge, the sequel to all dull discourses and all foolish acts, a balm to our every chagrin, as welcome after satiety as after disappointment; that back-ground which the painter may not daub, be he master or bungler, and which, however awkward a figure we may have made in the foreground, remains ever our inviolable asylum, where no indignity can assail, no personality disturb us.

"The orator puts off his individuality, and is then most eloquent when most silent. He listens while he speaks, and is a hearer along with his audience. Who has not hearkened to Her infinite din? She is Truth's speaking-trumpet, the sole oracle, the true Delphi and Dodona, which kings and courtiers would do well to consult, nor will they be balked by an ambiguous answer. For through Her all revelations have been made, and just in proportion as men have consulted her oracle within, they have obtained a clear insight, and their age has been marked as an enlightened one. But as often as they have gone gadding abroad to a strange Delphi and her mad priestess, their age has been dark and leaden. Such were garrulous and noisy eras, which no longer yield any sound, but the Grecian or silent and melodious era is ever sounding and resounding in the ears of men."

Half the book is like and as good as this.-- Nearly every page is instinct with genuine Poetry except those wherein verse is haltingly attempted, which are for the most part sorry prose. Then there is a misplaced Pantheistic attack on the Christian Faith. Mr. Thoreau--we must presume soberly--says:

"In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory, with his ruddy face, his flowing beard, and his shaggy body, his pipe and his crook, his nymph Echo, and his chosen daughter Lambe; for the great god Pan is not dead, as was rumored. Perhaps



of all the gods of New England and of ancient Greece, I am most constant at his shrine.

"One memorable addition to the old mythology is due to this era,--the Christian fable. With what pains, and tears, and blood, these centuries have woven this and added it to the mythology of mankind. The new Prometheus. With what miraculous consent, and patience, and persistency, has this mythus been stamped upon the memory of the race? It would seem as if it were in the progress of our mythology to dethrone Jehovah, and crown Christ in his stead.

"If it is not a tragical life we live, then I know not what to call it. Such a story as that of Jesus Christ,--the history of Jerusalem, say, being a part of the Universal History. The naked, the embalmed, unburied death of Jerusalem amid its desolate hills,--think of it. In Taseo's poem I trust some things are sweetly buried. Consider the snappish tenacity with which they preach Christianity still. What are time and space to Christianity, eighteen hundred years, and a new world?--that the humble life of a Jewish peasant should have force to make a New-York bishop so bigoted. Forty-four lamps, the gift of kings, now burning in a place called the Holy Sepulchre;--a church bell ringing;--some unaffected tears shed by a pilgrim on Mount Calvary within the week.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, when I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning."

"By the waters of Babylon there we eat down, and we wept when we remembered Zion."

"I trust that some may be as near and dear to Buddha, or Christ, or Swedenborg, who are without the pale of their churches. It is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ. I know that some will have hard thoughts of me, when they hear their Christ named beside my Buddha, yet I am sure that I am willing they should love their Christ more than my Buddha, for the love is the main thing, and I like him too. Why need Christians be still intolerant and superstitious?

"The reading which I love best is the Scriptures of the several nations, though it happens that I am better acquainted with those of the Hindoos, the Chinese, and the Persians, than of the Hebrews, which I have come to last. Give me one of these Bibles, and you have silenced me for a while."

We have quoted a fair proportion of our author's smartest Pantheistic sentences, but there is another in which he directly asserts that he considers the Sacred Books of the Brahmins in nothing inferior to the Christian Bible. It was hardly necessary to say in addition that he is not well acquainted with the latter--the point worth considering is rather--ought not an author to make himself thoroughly acquainted with a book, which, if true, is of such transcendent importance, before uttering opinions concerning it calculated to shock and pain many readers, not to speak of those who will be utterly repelled by them? Can that which Milton and Newton so profoundly revered (and they had studied it thoroughly) be wisely turned off by a youth as unworthy of even consideration? Mr. Thoreau's treatment of this subject seems revolting alike to good sense and good taste. We ask him to weigh all he has offered with regard to the merits of the Christian as compared with other Scriptures against the following brief extract from the last "Edinburgh Review":

"The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents us with a singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his eagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible causes than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any other book of religion thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities,--varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake

to pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization.--Even conquests--the disorganization of old nations--the formation of new--do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defence. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshippers becomes extinct, often long before. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel anything but the utmost indifference (except as an object of philoepic curiosity) about the religion of other nations; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more tedious or unattractive than that which treats of their theology. The elegant mythologies of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly the moment they fell. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness and stupidity, than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstitions; or, if it really has merits which, though a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition; so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff or ridicule. In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir Walter Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. "Can you ask?" said Sir Walter,--"there is but one;" and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. When will an equal genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birthplace of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we, by any stretch of imagination, suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedae or the Koran?"

Albeit we love not theologic controversy, we prefer our columns to Mr. Thoreau, should he see fit to answer these questions. We would have preferred to pass the theme in silence, but our admiration of his book and our reprehension of its Pantheism forbade that course. May we not hope that he will reconsider his too rashly expressed notions on this head?

#### JOTTINGS . . .

One of our members lacks volumes 7 and 9 of the journals. Does anyone know of a broken set from which he might obtain these volumes?

The exhibition of paintings by Loring W. Coleman held recently in Boston contains one entitled "Thoreau's Great Meadows."

Howard Zahniser has written us that the sentence published in the last bulletin appears with slight variations in Thoreau's letter to H.G.O. Blake of December 19, 1854.

NATION'S BUSINESS for February, 1949, says of Thoreau, "He had the mind of a man who makes a good management engineer."

Our president recently delivered lectures on Thoreau at Stratford College and Chatham Hall in Virginia. Our secretary spoke on Thoreau at Princeton and at the Rutgers Literary Club.



"It's Time You Knew," a book of cartoons by Lawrence, says, "Mahatma Gandhi got his idea of civil disobedience from reading an obscure novel, by an American botanist, while the latter was serving a jail sentence for non-payment of taxes." It's about time that Lawrence knew.

Some recent queries from our readers, can you help answer them: Do the four season volumes contain any material not in the journals? Where is H.G.O. Blake's diary mentioned in Mrs. Marble's biography of Thoreau (p.255)? Where is Sophia Thoreau's diary now? Do you have any such queries? Send them in and we will publish them.

#### ADDITIONS TO THE THOREAU BIBLIOGRAPHY . . .

- Berry, Watson. "Thoreau." WATERTOWN (N.Y.) DAILY TIMES. Nov. 10, 1948. A letter to the editor about THOREAU SOCIETY BOOKLET #5.
- Canby, Henry Seidel. "Setting Your Goal." in Nichols, William, ed. WORDS TO LIVE BY. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1948. A brief essay inspired by a quotation from Thoreau. For similar essays in same book, see Kieran and Roberts below.
- Cook, Reginald Lansing. PASSAGE TO WALDEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1949. xvi, 238pp. \$3.00. Still another new book on Thoreau. Yet this in no way duplicates any of the many already on the bookshelves. This is neither a biography nor an attempt at an over-all criticism of the man and his works. It is rather a collection of essays written by one who has long pondered over Thoreau. "Its chief aim is to penetrate the essential quality and evoke the richness of his correspondence with nature." (xv) It includes 9 essays, each discussing a different phase of the problem. They vary greatly in their success. Unfortunately the early essays are the least successful and may discourage the reader. However, if he prevails, he will find that the later chapters are exceedingly worthwhile. "The Anatomy of Nature" is one of the best discussions I have seen of Thoreau's attitude toward nature and his increasing preoccupation with scientific data. It by itself is worth the price of the book. "The Sinews of Style" has much that is valuable to say about Thoreau as an artist with words. "Nature's Eye-Witnesses" points out succinctly the distinction between Thoreau's work and that of such men as Muir, Burroughs, Fabre, Gilbert White, and Walton. "An Indian Memory" evaluates Thoreau's interest in the red man. It is a thoughtful volume, filled with well-chiseled sentences that have much to say: The Walden experiment was one on "how to make getting one's living poetic." (106). "Writing was only his talent; his genius was his way of looking at and understanding life." (126) "Thoreau's attitude toward nature is that of a poet and not that of a scientist." (174) Those who have long loved Thoreau's writings will find much to rejoice in in this book. But one should be warned, it is not a book for the beginner. WH
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Same. Babcock, Frederic. Review. CHICAGO TRIBUNE. March 20, 1949.
- Harber, Ken. "Birthday Letter." CAPE CODDER. Jan. 27, 1949. pp. 1, 8. Long excerpts from CAPE COD and WALDEN.
- Harding, Walter. "Uncle Charlie Comes to Concord." NATURE OUTLOOK, VII (Fall, 1948), 7-9. An essay on Thoreau's favorite bachelor uncle.
- Kieran, John. "Philosophy in the Making." See Canby, above.
- Kiser, Martha Gwin. GAY MELODY. New York: Longmans Green, 1949. 214pp. \$2.50. For those of you who want to introduce Thoreau to the younger generation, here is a new book, a novel of life in Concord written for teen-age girls. It is a veritable encyclopedia of customs of mid-19th century American life, perhaps too much so, for the plot is awkward and stilted. Thoreau wanders in and out of the pages, but the chapter entitled "A Day at Walden Wood" is entirely devoted to a visit to the cabin and contains as good an exposition of Thoreau's philosophy for

- young people as I've seen. I once heard a novelist say that Thoreau stole the show every time she tried to include him in one of her books. That must have happened here, for his chapter is by far the liveliest of the book. WH
- Krutch, Joseph Wood. HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Harris, Sidney J. Review. CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. Feb. 9, 1949.
- Melville, Herman. PIAZZA TALES. New York: Hendricks, Farrar, Straus, 1948. A new edition, edited by Egbert S. Oliver, with notes on the relationship of Thoreau and Melville.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Same. Kazin, Alfred. Review. NEW YORKER. Feb. 12, 1949. Takes exception to above-mentioned notes.
- N., M.S. "Thoreau on Mining." NEW YORK SUN. Jan. 31, 1949. Suggests issuing a Thoreau postage stamp.
- Roberts, Kenneth. "On Simplicity." See Canby, above.
- Salyer, Sanford. MARMEE, THE MOTHER OF LITTLE WOMEN. Norman: Univ. of Okla. Press, 1949. 209pp. \$3.00. A well-written but somewhat sentimental addition to the ever-growing list of biographies of Thoreau's friends. Thoreau receives little direct mention, but it gives a good background picture of his times. It is an understanding biography of a long-suffering woman and will particularly delight all those who have loved LITTLE WOMEN. The book is an exceptionally beautiful piece of printing. But why, oh why, did they omit an index? WH
- Schwartzman, Jack. "Henry David Thoreau: The Hermit of Disobedience." in REBELS OF INDIVIDUALISM. New York: Exposition Press, 1949. pp. 54-62. \$2.50. A unique account of Thoreau's Judgment Day trial, with Thoreau quoting his books in self-defense, and being sentenced to reincarnation as a tree.
- Stibbs, John H. "Mountain Fantasy." LIVING WILDERNESS. December, 1946. A Thoreau devotee climbs Katahdin only to discover it despoiled by tourists. A plea for conservation.
- Stromberg, R.N. "Thoreau and Marx: A Century After." SOCIAL STUDIES, XL (Feb., 1949), 53-6. Contrasting "Life without Principle" and the "Communist Manifesto." Concludes that the reader of Thoreau, unlike the reader of Marx, "will emerge spiritually refreshed and with, perchance, a philosophy of life."
- Thoreau, Henry David. WALDEN. Venezia, Italy: La Nuova Italia, Editrice, 1928. 463pp. Translated into Italian by Guido Ferrando.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Same.. (SKOGLIV VID WALDEN). Stockholm, Sweden: Wahlstrom & Widstrand, 1947. 426pp. Translated into Swedish by Frans G. Bengtsson and with particularly lovely drawings by Stig Asberg.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Same. Tokyo, Japan: Dai-sen Bookstore, 1948. 410pp. Translated into Japanese by Emai Kisei.
- \_\_\_\_\_. "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For," "Brute Neighbors." in Davenport, Wimberly, and Shaw. DOMINANT TYPES IN BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. New York: Harper, 1949. Reprinting two chapters from WALDEN.
- Van, Doren, Mark. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. New York: William Sloane Associates, 1949. \$3.50. Another in the new American Men of Letters Series. Van Doren has much of significance to say on Hawthorne, including a little on his relationship with Thoreau. We are glad to see that the newer volumes in the series are including critical bibliographies.
- Wright, Brooks. "Bradford Torrey." MORE BOOKS, XXIII (Dec., 1948), 363-371. On the editor of the standard edition of Thoreau's works.
- . . . . .

We are indebted for information used in this bulletin to, among others, E. Allison, J. Burke, P. Sargent, C. Bode, E. Anderson, F. Babcock, L. Chirin, T. Bailey, E. Oliver, W. Berry, and R. Adams. Please let us know of items we have missed and new ones as they appear.